

## FIRST DAY BOOK CLUB MEET A SUCCESS, SAYS GORDON

Headquarters First Day Book Club, Wilmette.

**Editor Day Book:** — Youngster christened. Everybody good as could be expected. Crowd big one, but no excitement. Hysterics and Wilmette don't mix very well. Members of quack press present also, but stood around edges, just to see how it was pulled. No guns seen. So no frills or wrecking crew effects. Just plain, common christening. But, say, our club's famous now. Who d'ye think was here. Can't get it from us. Names of "those present" can only be got from quack press.

After the christening and taking in about a hundred more members all sat down and listened to story (real story) of Babb and Sheridan and H. L. Barber, etc., told by a veteran converted quack reporter.

Seems Barber and Sheridan and Babb and that crowd were poor some fifteen years ago. But scraped up enough money to pay for few thousand lines advertising in Herald, Tribune, etc. That was their real start on road to riches. Such easy money for Herald, Trib, etc., that Herald, Trib, etc., went after these fake investment people RIGHT. No escape. Morning, noon and night solicitors for the quack press classified columns camped on doorsteps of Barber, Sheridan and Babb, until Babb, Sheridan and Barber had to cough up pretty near all they made trimming suckers to satisfy demands of quack press solicitors. If they refused to cough up a scare was thrown in. Quack press threatened to throw the monkey wrench into the works of Babb, Sheridan and Barber by neat first page double-leaded expose. Heavy on the last syllable of exposay. I believe it's French. Quack press just allowed Babb, Sheridan and Barber enough to live on. So long as Babb, Sheridan and Barber were good, I mean coughed up good and plenty to quack press, quack press

allowed them to live. But lately, Barber, Sheridan and Babb were convicted of a TERRIBLE CRIME. They got together and devised a scheme for getting by without using classified columns of quack press. Think of it? One can't. The crime is too much for thought. All one can do is sit down and have a good cry. Ungrateful brutes, were Babb, Barber and Sheridan. What's that you say? Blood money? Blood money?? You don't know what you're talking about. That's the only kind of money the quack press knows. And the quack press has got to live. Look how many people quack press helps to feed. O, no. It was a case of downright selfishness and meanness on part of Babb, Sheridan and Barber. Here they were in nice upholstered offices, helped there by quack press, and now, when prosperity and plenty was beginning to come, owing to successful pulling power of these classified columns—what if it did cost them two dollars a line. Weren't they left unmolested, that is, unmolested after they had paid cash in advance for the advertising. Well, Babb, Sheridan and Barber, and all the others (we all know their names and numbers and style of doing business), but Jim Keeley likes to pretend to himself that he thinks we think that he springs a new one on us every time a new ballad breaks in the R.-H. So, to help Jim out, we'll say that J. K. has all this rough stuff up his sleeve, and every time he pulls one, we'll all try to get excited and say, "What a great editor that Keeley is. He knows how to go AFTER the GFAFTER." We might as well give Jim a boost. It can't do any harm. Well, anyway, the crime of Sheridan, Babb and Barber was that they thought they could switch off from the quack newspaper press to the quack MAGAZINES.

You'll pardon me pulling this old stuff. But you see, we took yesterday into our club a lot of the sheltered ones, so that we are all prac-